

How I Earn a Salary Without "Going to Work"

By Helen Blake

Illustration by
Phillipps Ward



I AM a married woman; we have three children and my husband is a salaried man. Five or six years ago my husband's salary was sufficient for our needs. We could afford to spend a little on play and we regularly put money in the bank, too.

My husband's position was secure. As to the future, we were quite sanguine.

But remorselessly came the rising costs, and the shrinking dollar.

A year ago we were a distressed family. We positively could not make ends meet. The respectable front that we, like all other normal people, wanted to present was impossible. Tom's clothes were positively shabby, so were mine. Everything the children wore were make-overs.

Much of our furniture had arrived at the dismembering stage, and we just had to let it dismember. We were ashamed to have visitors, the home was so shabby. And as to having them to meals, well we dodged this expense whenever we could. To be compelled to do this seemed mean, but it was absolutely necessary.

For my husband's salary was just a measly ten per cent more than it had been when the cost of things was lower, and when a dollar was about twice as good as it is now. One day came the sure way to improve our condition, the way that I am going to tell you about.

Now things are different. We consider ourselves prosperous. Our bank account has grown again and is still growing. This summer we had a wonderful vacation. We had a cabin in the woods for two months; Tom commuted.

We all are wearing nice clothes. You should see the luxurious woolen things the kiddies have for the winter.

No, we didn't discover a gold mine, nor did Tom get a big raise. He didn't get a raise at all.

I, Helen Blake, have beat the cost of living! I have made the extra money to meet it! I make money with a wonderful little machine. Tom says that I knit dollar-bills; he is right.

I have a position that brings me pay-checks regularly. Also I have a business of my own that brings me good money. Sometimes I make as much as four dollars a day; and four dollars a day is twenty-four dollars a week.

This job of mine and this business of mine take up only my spare time. I still do all my own housework but I am thinking of getting a maid, so I can give more time to my business.

All this sounds as if I were one of those wonderful money-making forceful business women, doesn't it? Well, I am not. In business ways I am not as adept as most of my women friends, and I certainly am

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not the "pushy" kind. An opportunity was handed me, and I took it. Let me tell you all about it; so you can make the same good money that I make in exactly the same way that I am making it.

In Buffalo, N. Y., there is a big hosiery manufacturing concern that makes progress, in one respect, by going back about a century.

A hundred years ago great factories did not exist. The dismal manufacturing town with its thousands of hard-worked and discontented employees were unknown. Things were made in the home. The craftsman's business life was so closely intertwined with his family life that you could not separate one from the other.

The occupation of the man of the house was also the occupation of the entire family. Wife and children helped him; even grandmother did her bit. In those days quality came first.

The artisan's pride and family reputation were tied up in his work. As education was not general, many could neither read nor write so they stamped the products of their trade with their individual marks or symbols—trade-marks; the sign of individual quality then as now.

The concern I work for knows the traditions and history of the knitting industry; they know that the best work is that which is done by well-paid and contented people in happy homes, who work when they feel like it, and who are not bothered by bosses, time-clocks, work-hours and working rules. They believe in the independent employee. So they have thousands of women—and men too—making socks for them in their own homes.

In this respect they have gone back to the happy ideal conditions of a hundred years ago. But in all other respects they are up to date.

I make my socks (and my dollars) with the machine I mentioned above, The Auto Knitter, which is far better than a hundred hands, because it knits from sixty to two hundred and more perfect even stitches at every turn of the handle, and makes a

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complete sock without removal from the machine. The Auto Knitter paid for our two months vacation in the woods and paid Tom's commutation too. I took it with me and made socks all through the summer.

And, as my Auto Knitter is light and small, I did my work wherever I happened to be; on the porch, in the cabin or on the river-bank while Tom fished.

The company pays me a fixed and liberal wage rate for every dozen pairs of socks I make. They also replace free the yarn I use. The yarn they supply Free is the famous Qu-No Brand, the softest, the warmest and the strongest. It is a joy to use it.

My position is permanent and I am protected by a contract which compels the company to take all the socks I make. On the other hand my contract allows me to be full mistress of my time. I can work as much as I please and as little as I please; full time or spare time.

Now the Auto Knitter makes other things besides hosiery. It made beautiful warm woolen bathing suits for all of us last summer. It has made superior things for the coming winter too; especially caps and mufflers for the children, and all at a very low cost.

The high cost of hosiery does not bother us at all because I have made a wonderful assortment in wool, cotton, lisle and mercerized silk for the whole family. Or rather the Auto Knitter has made them for me. The heavy-thread silk stockings of my own are the dressiest and richest things you ever saw.

They are the kind of stockings I long wanted but simply could not afford. When Tom saw them he wanted socks of the same kind. Just think of having such rich hosiery for the mere cost of the thread.

Naturally my neighbors see these things and naturally they want things just like them. And of course they want them from me. I am making these articles for my friends and getting excellent prices for my work.

This business has come and is coming to me regularly. I really have more than I can handle, even with my husband's and the children's help.

The company lets me do this; it lets all its workers have their own home factory if they want to. And it sends free a fine shade card of Qu-No Quality Yarns which shows a complete line of samples and colors. This shade card helps us wonderfully in planning our work.

Now the company would like you to join our organization of well-paid and happy workers. The same wage agreement that they made with me they will make with you.

Because they cannot fill their wholesale orders their need for more workers is very acute; that is why they have asked me to tell you about the prosperity and the peace that comes with prosperity that The Auto Knitter has brought to our family.

You may never see this offer again. Be sure to write today. Address The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Inc., Department 1711D, 821 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y., and they will tell you all about everything. It will cost you nothing to get this information; just send them a two-cent stamp to cover postage, etc. The coupon below is for your convenience.

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Dept. 1711D, 821 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter and Shade Card of Qu-No Quality Yarns. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

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